Qu. Alas poore soule, I enuy not thy glory,
To feed my humour wish thy selfe no harme.
Dut.Glo. No,when he that is my husband now,
Came to me, I followed *Henries* Course,
When the blood was scarce washt from his hands,
Which issued from my other angell husband,
And that dead saint, which then I weeping followed,
O,when I say,I lookt on *Richards* face,
This was my wish, be thou quoth I accurst,
For making me so young, so old a widdow.
And when thou wedst, let sorrow haunt thy bed,
And be thy wife if any be so bad
As miserable by the death of thee,
As thou hast made me by my deare Lords death,
Lo euen I can repeate this curse againe,
Euen in so short a space, my womans heart
Crosly grew captiue to his honey words,
And prou'd the subiect of mine owne soules curse,
Which euer since hath kept mine eyes from sleepe,
For neuer yet one houre in his bed,
Haue I inioyed the golden dew of sleepe,
But haue beene waked by his timerous dreames.
Besides he hates me for my father Warwicke,
And will shortly be rid of me.
Qu. Alas poore soule,I pity thy complaints.
Dut.Glo. No more then from my soule I mourne for yours
Qu. Farewell,thou woefull welcomer of glory.
Dut.Glo. Adue poore soule thou takest thy leaue of it,
D.Yor. Go thou to *Richmond*,& good fortune guide thee
Go thou to *Richard*,and good Angels guard thee,
Go thou to sanctuary, good thoughts possesse thee,
I to my graue, where peace and rest lye with me,
Eyghty old yeares of sorrow haue I seene,
And each houres ioy wrackt with a weeke of teene.

The trumpets sound. Enter Richard Crowned, Buckingham,Catesby, with other Nobles.

King. Stand all apart. Cousin of *Buckingham*,
Giue me thy hand. *Here he ascends his Throne.*

Thus high by thy aduice
And thy assistance is King *Richard* seated:
But shall we weare these honours for a day?
Or shall they last and we reioyce in them?
Buc. Still liue they,and foreuer may they last.
Ki. O *Buckingham* now I doe play the touch,
To try if thou be currant Gold indeed:
Yong *Edward* liues:thinke now what I would sa
Buc. Say on my gracious Soueraigne.
King. Why *Buckingham*, I say I would be King
Buc. Why so you are my thrice renowned Liege
King. Ha: am I King? tis so, but *Edward* liues
Buc. True noble Prince.
King. O bitter consequence,
That *Edward* still should liue true noble Prince,
Cousin thou wert not wont to be so dull,
Shall I be plaine I wish the bastards dead,
And I would haue it suddainly performd,
What saiest thou? speake suddenly, be briefe,
Buc. Your grace may doe your pleasure.
King. Tut,tut,thou art all yce, thy kindnesse
Say,haue I thy consent that they shall die?
Buc. Giue me some breath my Lord,
Before I positiuely speake herein:
I will resolue your grace imediatly.
Cat. The King is angry see he bites his lip.
King. I will conuerse with iron witty fooles,
And vnrespectiue *Boyes*, none are for me
That looke into me with considerate eyes:
Boy. High reaching *Buckingham* growes circ
Boy. Lord.
King. Knowst thou not any whom corrupting
Would tempt vnto a close exploit of death.
Boy. My Lord, I know a discontented Gen
Whose humble meanes matcht not his haughty
Gold were as good as twenty Orators,
And will no doubt tempt him to any thing.
King. What is his name?
Boy. His name my Lord, is *Terrel.*